

My Bachelor Friend.

He couldn't "see" it.

That was all the argument my friend, George Telford, ever condescended to advance in support of his objections to my proposition whatever. Hint to him to try any new scheme of life; endeavor to make him acknowledge any fact, subscribe to any theory, do, be, or suffer anything, in short, outside of his actual and present inclinations or prejudices—"he couldn't see it."

"George," said I to him one day, "you ought to get married. Here you are, a bachelor, slipping into the thirties, with a snug fortune, and not a relative living nearer or dearer than your second cousin, the widow. Four capital reasons for matrimony, my boy."

"Can't see it in the least, Charles," grumbled George.

Further discussion was useless. About three months after this, I made up my mind to go to Europe. I also made up my mind to ask George Telford to go with me. I knew he would not, but I was getting so mentally or psychologically blind that he couldn't see anything reasonable to speak of. I found him lunching moodily in his bachelor apartment dining-room.

"George," said I, "I've resolved positively at last to go to Europe. By the by, my dear fellow, what a grand thing it would be if you 'come along.' We'd have a glorious time. We wouldn't do the ordinary, used-up 'great routes' of travel, but wander about like real Bohemians, only better provided with the tools of the trade." And I went on for about ten minutes in this strain. When at last I stopped to breathe, George, who had listened in an abstracted, nonchalant manner, mumbled:

"Can't see it, at all, my young friend." Whenever George called me his "young friend," he meant to be ironical (I being just eight months his junior), and I knew there was no further attempt to be made upon him. So I went alone.

George was not much of a correspondent. He couldn't see it to any great extent. But I now and then got a short note from him—generally a growl.

At length, after nine months' residence in Paris, the very morning I was about to leave it, en route for the land of sphinxes, fleas, turbans, dogs, pyramids, and other wonders of nature and art, I received a letter from Telford, containing the following characteristic passage:

"My old friend Caltrap insists that I go up in the country with him to spend the holidays. It is somewhere in Canada. There are a lot of sisters and cousins and a pet sister named Fannie. I suppose I shall have to go, though I don't see why."

I clapped this epistle in my pocket, to laugh over more leisurely on the road, and in another hour was rattling over the rails to Montreal.

After nearly a year—no, it was just eight months—spent chiefly in getting a good coat of bronze on every visible part of my person, I returned to Paris to bleach.

Soon after getting into my old quarters, I strolled into one of the most fashionable hotels to look for American physiognomies. It is a well-known fact, and not particularly extraordinary, perhaps, that the mere meeting with a fellow-countryman abroad, after a long absence without news, even though you never saw or heard of him before, gives you a special thrill of pleasure. Not forty paces had I taken before I came upon a gentleman the sight of whom, there and then, excited a sensation of genuine joy. It was George Telford!

We rushed at each other—the first shock being over. "My dear fellow," "Delighted," "Lucky chance," etc. "But, George," said I, "you couldn't see a trip to Europe in the least."

"Ah—yes—the fact is—oh, hang it! never mind that now. I'll explain it all to you tomorrow. Come and dine with me tomorrow, my boy."

"Why not today, old fellow?"

"I have a particular engagement today," slurred George, looking as if he had gone into the wrong room by mistake, and just came out of it hastily.

"No impertinence, I hope!" said I, jokingly. "With a lady?"

"—Yes, with a lady. I might as well tell you at once, and stand the fire; it is with—my—wife!"

"And so it has come to this," cried I, "after all these years of obstinate refusal! You, who sullenly refused to see the pleasure of accompanying your next friend to Europe—you who indignantly scouted marriage as a visible object in life?"

He smiled pleasantly, and "That will do for the present, Charles," said he. "I confess I am just a little sensitive yet on that subject. Come, let me present you to Mrs. Telford, and first, I beg to inform you that her maiden name was Caltrap."

"Hold on!" interrupted I. "Don't think me discourteous or quibbling, but really, for the dramatic effect of the thing, George, I'd rather not know too much about her till you've told me your story; and, if you please, we'll adjourn the introduction till after the narrative."

"Certainly. We've only been married three weeks."

"Ah! That makes it bad—I would say difficult."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. Come round an hour before dinner time. I'll un-bosom myself to you before she makes her appearance."

At five minutes before 5 the next day I was in Telford's salon. He had a very handsome suite of rooms, and was evidently doing the bridal tour in grand style. After a glass of sherry, he began:

"You know that letter I wrote you. Well, that very evening Caltrap came around to see me and insisted upon carrying me up to the honeymoon. I could not see why I should leave the comfort of the city in winter for the dreary country. But—to make a long story short—I went!"

The entire family met us at the door. I shall not enter into a special description of each member, but confine myself to those who had a direct influence upon my new life. There was Clara Caltrap, a Juno-like maiden of eighteen, given to romantic literature and a serious flirtation with a youthful cousin Harry, of whom more anon. Then there was Fannie, a year older, with a radiant face, wifely blue eyes, and a great tendency to tease people. Finally, there was the cousin Harry, Harry was immensely smitten with Miss Clara, and jealous as a concentrated extract of Othello.

In the evening we had games. There was a slight seasoning of dances and when, with considerable trepidation, I ventured to approach the queenly Clara, I first became aware, by the glowering eye of her Harry, of his suffering from the green-eyed monster.

"When I retired that night, I could not help confessing to myself that family reunions were not at least this particular one was not, so absolutely disagreeable to look at after all. And then, suddenly, a diabolical idea struck me. A perfectly inexplicable idea, considering my life and opinions. This was to excite the jealousy of the youthful Harry, even unto nothing. To do the romantic for Miss Clara, and make Harry a blighted being. Mind you, I had no serious intentions. I was in the least capricious by the damsel. But I wanted to win him. Besides, I was only going to stay there a week. I should only make a few mild demonstrations, enough to stir the lover's gall, and then leave him to triumph again. I thought it would be fun. So I got Caltrap to corner Harry in the library while I read Tennyson's 'Maud' to Miss Clara, and rhapsodized over the tender passages in a melodramatic whisper. Miss Clara, however, did not do me justice; she gave me but half an ear. I became piqued, and laid myself out still more resolutely to fascinate her; but my success was, to say the least, only partial when the sleight-of-footed Harry, who had been driving to the door, and my fair audience hurried away to cloak and fur for a drive with Harry. As she went out, I caught Miss Fannie lingering at me with the most mischievous smile I ever saw."

"The fourth night it occurred to me that I had read somewhere, of an in-

fallible receipt for compelling the preference (to call it by a mild term) of a haughty maiden. This was to feign utter indifference, courteous scorn for her, and to go on with a casual passion for another maiden—right under the haughty one's nose, if I may so express myself.

"I commenced this deep-laid scheme the first thing in the morning. Of course I altered my entire style to suit the style of my present object. I paid my attentions to Miss Fannie. Miss Fannie was witty, satirical, fond of a joke, full of animal spirits. I joked with her, laughed with her, sleighed her, teased her, with signal success.

"Well, somehow, I began to think less favorably of my revenge on the haughty Clara. Fannie was a remarkably sensible girl, with all her levity. She and I agreed in many things that I never found a woman to agree with before, and Clara and I, on the other hand, had a tendency toward relapsing or luring me back from the rival goddess I had set up in her despite. Harry, too, no longer bored me with his Othelloism. I stayed in the fortnight at the honeymoon, instead of a week, and when I had returned to my den in the city, I really caught myself feeling stupid, and wishing I knew just what they were all doing up at the homestead.

"Then a singular fancy took possession of me for Caltrap's society. I always liked him, but never sought him positively. Now I haunted his studio—absolutely haunted it. I assured you, Charles, I couldn't have analyzed my feelings then, to save my life. I saw the picture of Caltrap, I saw a few evening parties at the house of friends of Caltrap, I saw a very elegant ring, diamond and rubies, and bought it, and looked it up, with no earthly object that I distinctly recognized at the time.

"One day Caltrap said to me: 'They'll be in town tomorrow; I've just got a letter from Fan.'"

"Who are coming?" I asked calmly.

"Oh, mother, and Clara, and Fan, and Harry. They're on a grand shopping tour, preparatory to the great event in the spring, you know."

"In the spring the haughty Clara was to wed the gushing Harry. So they came and I passed a fortnight again at the mercy of Miss Fannie. It was a humiliating two weeks to me, for Miss Fannie compelled me to see everything she chose to assert 'good,' and I, to my shame, abjured in the most pusillanimous manner, my most cherished blindnesses, and came out with telegraphic power to look admiringly on all objects lauded by her approving smile.

When they went back, leaving me an informal invitation to the wedding, I spent a whole day and night (till I fell asleep) searching my inner self, and then it was that, after a rigid examination, I first discovered, lodged in a fruitfully nook of my bosom, a specimen of that luxurious plant yeelp love, already bursting into bloom. It absolutely frightened me.

"Caltrap and I went up to the wedding together. There were not a great many people there. The bride looked charming, of course.

"Fannie, first bridesmaid, was disastrously—I thought then—bewitching. The last feeble defiance of my cynicism, as well as nearly the last spark of my hope—or, rather courage—sank before her fascination. How often that morning I tortured myself with the question, Did she love me? Could she love me? And did not dare to answer it, save by a very luxurious sigh. I had little experience in the wiles of Cupid, you know, and a woman's heart was a Rosetta stone to me.

"As we were looking at the gifts, Miss Fannie said, 'Oh, what a delightful thing it must be to go to Europe! Just think! Clara and Harry are to be gone a whole year; and are coming all over Italy, and France, and Germany, and through all those grand old galleries, and cathedrals, and—and everything! How I wish I could go with them!'"

"I can't see the delight in any extent," Miss Fannie, I replied, rather spitefully. "To be rushed from one place to another, and dragged through dreary picture-galleries and damp, gloomy churches day after day, until it's all a monotonous, as somebody says, seems to me a fearful bore."

"You are an obstinate, crotchety old bachelor, I declare," cried Miss Fannie. "But I don't think a wedding is a wedding without a bridal tour to Europe; and it was I who influenced sister to go, and persuaded mother to let her, and ordered Harry to make all the arrangements; and if ever I—"

She stopped suddenly, and then tripped from the room like a fairy, but not before I saw a rosy blush flushing up from her cheeks to her brow, like a translucent cloud tinted by the rising sun.

"I pondered over this declaration of Miss Fannie's, and her suddenly interrupted it ever."

"The next day, however, I made a sudden, startling, and quasi-involuntary resolve, and acted upon it instantaneously: how I did it or even why, I cannot explain; it was an impulse—a most happy one, I feel now. Fannie and I were on the piazza. I don't think we were saying anything very special when the boy drove up with letters from the adjacent village.

"Miss Fannie," said I, suddenly, "it may be true, as you have said, that I am obstinate and crotchety; but, believe me, it is my misfortune, not my fault. I never had the gentle influence of mother or sister, or even a lady cousin, to mold my harsher nature. I begin to see that—that I should and could see many things which—in short, I really want to see—in—"

I could not proceed for the life of me, as I had wished, but, drawing a hurried breath, I almost stammered: "Will—"

"Will you permit me to—"

"The blush rose against slightly as she replied: 'I shall always be happy to receive a letter from the most intimate friend of my brother.'"

"Fannie spoke with a demure smile that instantly roused a fierce desire on my part to kiss her there and then. Which, however, I did not do.

"When we were about to leave, I searched in vain for Fannie. She was nowhere to be found, and I bade the rest of the family a rather gloomy farewell.

"My first epistle was sent. In a fortnight, cruel delay. I received a charmingly piquant reply. The very next day I mailed epistle No. 2. A week only this time elapsed between expectation and the answer. From this time we corresponded regularly until—"

"Until," said a sweet voice with a touch of malice in it, unexpectedly interrupting George, "until the obstinate, crotchety old bachelor's eyes were opened—so he avowed—and he saw distinctly many things not given him to 'see' previously."

"We both rose and turned around. There stood Mrs. George Telford, once Miss Fannie Caltrap, with the bright, provoking smile on her radiant face, and her slender finger upraised threateningly to her surprised husband.

"My—ah, Fannie, how—when did you come in? Oh! allow me to introduce my friend, Charles Seavor."

The courtesies of the introduction over, Mrs. Telford said: "I have not been over-dropping very long, but—long enough!"

"But I have a few more words to add," said George. "I have to tell you that I made several delightful visits at the homestead, until, just three weeks ago, day before yesterday I stood in the long parlor there, with this little hand in mine—"

He took his wife's hand with a proud smile, and vowed to love and cherish Frances Caltrap till death should us part—"

"And," interrupted Mrs. T., with a laugh, "to do Europe together with a good-humored laugh. 'I see everything that is good now! Let us go to dinner.'"

At Mrs. Telford took my arm, noticed, on her third finger, a very beautiful diamond and ruby ring, which I had never seen before, but of which I had heard, but I made no remark thereon—Leonard Seavor in the Fort Worth Register.

The Late Dr. Martineau.

(From the New York Commercial Advertiser.)

Yours, dear Sir, Mr. James Martineau, the most distinguished of his writers on the subject of the "Maud," Dr. James Martineau and his sister Harry, were eminent members of the same family pursuing the same career, while James Martineau was a rigid nonconformist, while Harry was a fervent Unitarian. Their careers resemble in a great measure those of the late Cardinal Newman and his brother Francis.

THE DANGER LIES

In Putting Off Treatment for Catarrhal Affections.

While These Troubles May Not in Themselves Be Serious As Regards Life, They Are Such as on Slight Exposure Cause a Liability to Take on Acute Troubles, as Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Consumption, Rheumatism, La Grippe, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Stomach and Bowels, &c., Which Often Terminate Fatally.

Disease of Bronchial Tubes.

THIS CONDITION OFTEN RESULTS FROM CATARRH EXTENDING FROM THE HEAD AND THROAT, AND, IF LEFT UNCHECKED, IN TIME ATTACKS THE LUNGS.

"Have you a cough?"
"Are you feeling better?"
"Do you cough at night?"
"Have you pain in side?"
"Do you take cold easily?"
"Is your appetite variable?"
"Have you stitches in side?"
"Do you cough until you gag?"
"Do you raise frothy material?"
"Do you cough on going to bed?"
"Do you cough in the morning?"
"Are you low spirited at times?"
"Do you spit up yellow matter?"
"Is your count short and haggard?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Have you a disagreeable fatty food?"
"Is there a tickling behind the palate?"
"Do you feel you are growing weaker?"
"Is there a burning pain in the throat?"
"Have you pain behind the breastbone?"
"Do you cough worse night and morning?"
"Do you have a fit at night to get breath?"

The proper course of those affected is this: Read these symptoms carefully; mark those that apply to your case, and bring this with you to the eminent specialists of this institution. • Ad-vice and consultation absolutely free.

Disease of Head and Throat.

THE HEAD AND THROAT BECOME DISEASED FROM NEGLECTED COLDS, CAUSING CATARRH WHEN THE CONDITION OF THE BLOOD PREDISPOSES TO THIS CONDITION.

"Is the voice husky?"
"Do you spit up slime?"
"Do you ache all over?"
"Do you sneeze at night?"
"Do you blow out snivel?"
"Is the nose stopped up?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Does the nose bleed easily?"
"Does the nose itch and burn?"
"Does the nose feel dry?"
"Is there pain across the eyes?"
"Is there tickling in the throat?"
"Do you have a sense of smell?"
"Is there pain in front of head?"
"Do you have to clear the throat?"
"Is the throat dry in the morning?"
"Are you losing your sense of taste?"
"Do you sleep with the mouth open?"
"Does your nose stop up toward night?"

PASSAGES OF THE NOSE

EUSTACHIAN TUBE

UPPER PART OF THE PHARYNX

PALATE

TONGUE

HYOID BONE

EPIGLOTTIS

THYROID CARTILAGE

TRACHEA (WIND PIPE) SECTIONAL VIEW

WIND PIPE (TRACHEA)

LUNG

BRONCHIAL TUBES

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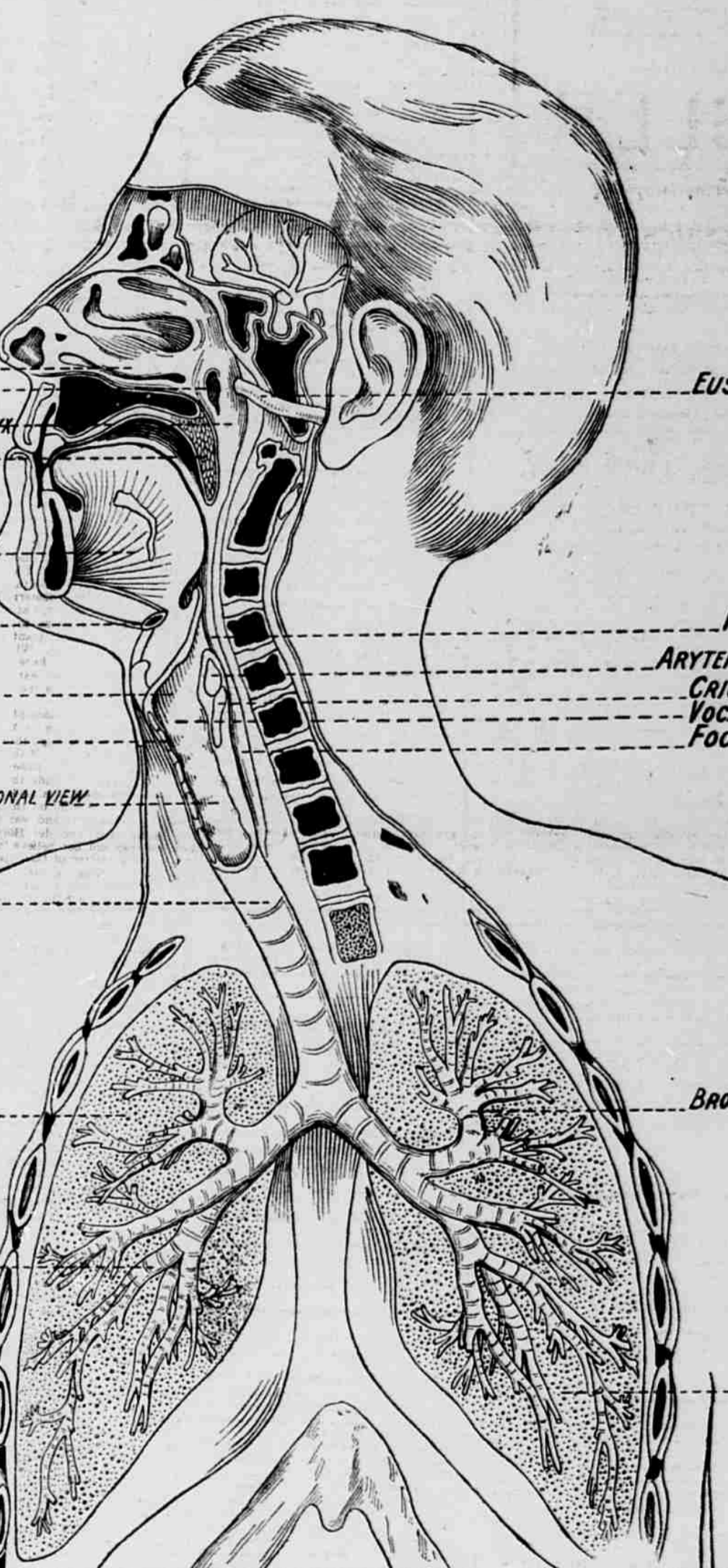
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Disease of the Stomach.

THIS CONDITION MAY RESULT FROM SEVERAL CAUSES, BUT THE USUAL CAUSE IS CATARRH, THE MUCUS DROPPING DOWN INTO THE THROAT AND BEING SWALLOWED.

"Is there nausea?"
"Are you excited?"
"Do you belch up gas?"
"Have you waterbrash?"
"Do you vomit?"
"Do you have indigestion?"
"Do you have heartburn?"
"Do you have a sour taste in the mouth?"
"Do you have a feeling of fullness?"
"Do you have a feeling of emptiness?"
"Do you have a feeling of burning?"
"Do you have a feeling of cold?"
"Do you have a feeling of heat?"
"Do you have a feeling of dryness?"
"Do you have a feeling of moisture?"
"Do you have a feeling of itching?"
"Do you have a feeling of numbness?"
"Do you have a feeling of tingling?"
"Do you have a feeling of crawling?"
"Do you have a feeling of stinging?"
"Do you have a feeling of burning?"
"Do you have a feeling of cold?"
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